

Coming Home

Hidden under your papers
in the old bureau drawer
. . . an old love letter
squeezed into its faded envelope.
Squares hanging together; it
was opened/unopened so many
times and the writing faded like
memories. A symbol a symptom
/reminder of an early time.
And I am jealous of that
 other time but there is
nothing I can do but wish it
were and not now. Even if
you aren't the type to speak
of the dangerous lip on the seas
and even if you don't declare
fellowship with passing rooks
 fanning the febrile night winds
I might have known/should have
guessed that behind that calm
the casual glance and passing touch
you cherished another more memorable
face. And sitting here reading
that letter I can hardly recall
the occasion that caused me to
write telling you that all is
well and the children miss you
 and when will you be coming home?
Will you be coming home
 . . . coming home.

Rita Rosenfeld